

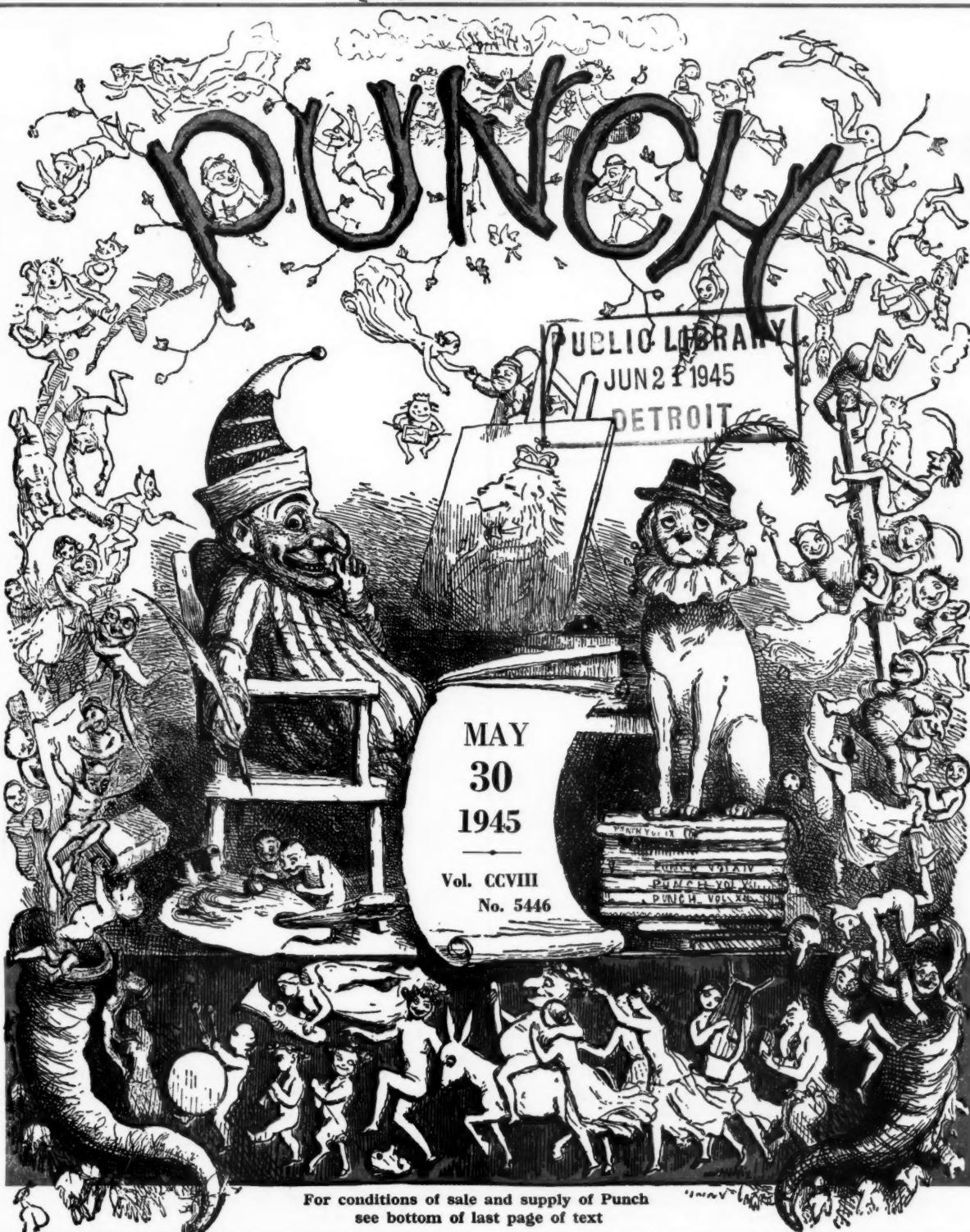
PLAYBALLS
into TANK TYRES



...PART OF THE

DUNLOP
WAR EFFORT

SH/120



Fit "Triplex" — and be safe

Regd

Put your best face forward..



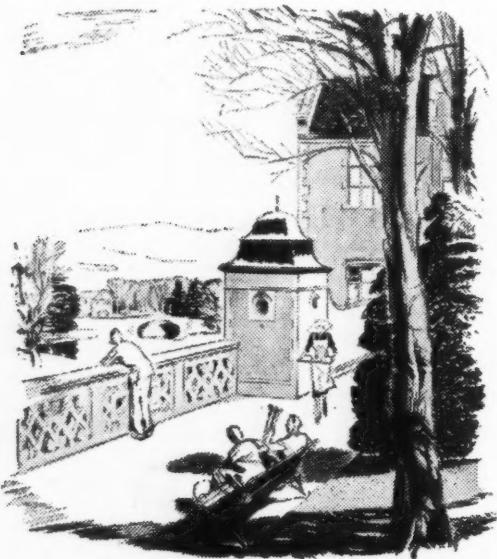
Smooth over your face and throat the rich fragrant Yardley Skin Food. Relax—in sleep or in the bath. And behold! your skin is baby-soft, clean, fresh as to-morrow's dawn!

Skin Food 6/6

Sorry, no post orders!

Yardley
33 • OLD BOND STREET
LONDON

HB 145

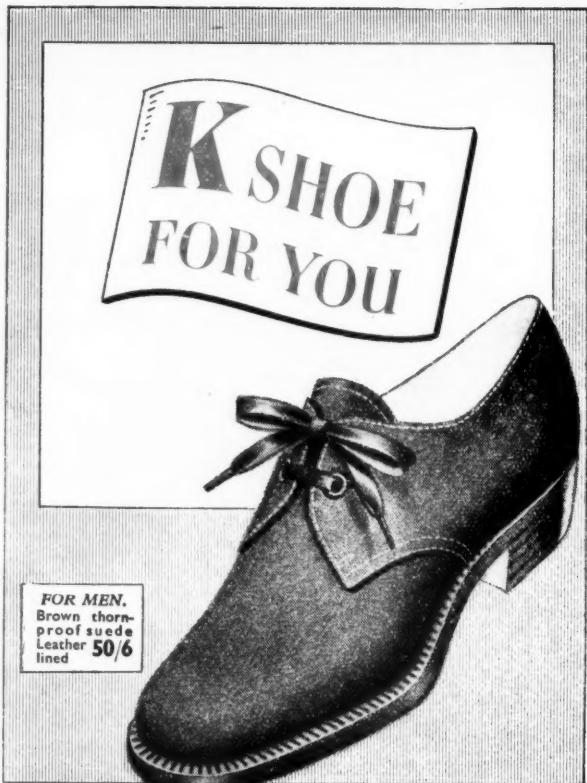


If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



The shoe illustrated is shown as an example of current K manufacture. Its selection does not necessarily imply that supplies of this particular model are available.



Skin
AS TOUGH AS A
RHINO'S /

For 90 years "Bitumastic" Enamel has been used throughout the world to provide a thick, tough protective skin for iron and steel structures exposed to water, steam, commercial fumes, acids, etc. The world's largest floating dock is a case in point. Cases are on record where the metal so protected has been found in perfect condition after as long as 46 years!

Further details and a copy of the A.C.M. (Anti-Corrosion Measures) Booklet upon request. Send 2d. in stamps and please mention Dept. E.4.f.

WAILES DOVE
BITUMASTIC Ltd
HEBBURN CO. DURHAM
Branches throughout the Country
and Agents Overseas.



GD139

Creators of Loveliness...



MILLINERS

The art of the milliner helps to enhance natural beauty, but to a smart woman a lovely dress is also of outstanding importance. No one can deny that Courtaulds rayons have made it possible to be well dressed at moderate cost.



The symbol of loveliness that lasts

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

HOME ROLL

"Tell me, Hawkins, what sins are you expiating by turning yourself into a human carthorse?"



"Well, Mister Gerald, far be it from me to scoff, but those victory diggers played old Harry with this pitch."

"Couldn't be helped, Hawkins."

"No, Sir. So I've appointed myself honorary groundsman, and I'm trying to lick it into some sort of shape."

"That's very noble of you."

"Not at all, Sir. I look forward soon to be helping our side again."

"Yes, it'll be good to see you umpiring once more, Hawkins. And proposing the toast of our team at supper afterwards."

"Ah, Sir, those suppers! I only hope that by the time you're all back we'll be able to get a little more Rose's Lime Juice. We must be able to face the future with a straight eye and a clear bat!"

ROSE'S — There is no substitute

*Y*OUR LOVELY RING ... is valuable; insure it under an "All Risks" policy (from 7/6 a year) with the **NORWICH UNION**

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS
P. O. Box 4, Surrey Street,
Norwich, Norfolk

**GOOD
FOOTWEAR
needs
GOOD REPAIRS**

We specialise in the repair of hand-sewn made-to-measure and expensive boots and shoes and

**RETURN WITHIN
10 DAYS**

Instructions unnecessary. Experts determine the repairs. Tie up your footwear, enclose name and address, post to us. All parcels acknowledged. Controlled prices charged. Payment C.O.D. Patronised by a distinguished clientele.

Economy Shoe Repairing Co.
Dept. P.I.
KINGTON - HEREFORDSHIRE

POST YOUR FILMS
to **Will R Rose**
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester LTD
and get **MAGNA PRINTS** REGD

WHEN YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GET

*Only the best
will be good
enough
for him*



SO KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND ...

**ONLY THE FINEST INGREDIENTS ARE
GOOD ENOUGH FOR** **Mars**

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. But Victory will mean plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

**HOSPITAL
UNDAY FUN**

IS MEANINGLESS

It needs **LSD** to make it

**HOSPITAL
SUNDAY FUND**

and pounds, shillings and pence are needed on

**HOSPITAL
SUNDAY**

JUNE 3RD

to maintain the VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS.

Please put a gift in your Church Collection, or send it to: The Lord Mayor, Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, Mansion House, E.C.4.



Pins that stand alone..

There is no doubt about Industrial Pins made by STEAD. Small, large, simple or intricate, the perfection of finish and accuracy you demand are guaranteed by STEAD—Specialists in Pins for over 40 years. Don't take risk in buying PINS—be safe inSTEAD.

Think in'STEAD'
before you
buy

Tele: SHEFFIELD 22283 (4 lines).

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

New and Old
Riley

The post-war Riley will be a new car, new chassis, new body, yet to a degree, the new Riley will be old; old, inasmuch as those characteristics which made the Riley famous, superb performance and road holding, with inherent quality, will remain, to give "MAGNIFICENT MOTORING."

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY

N SHEFFIELD PRODUCT

Great Scotch!

All the rare qualities of Highland liqueur whisky—its subtlety, its strength, its tang, its softness, its stimulus, its comfort—all are expertly balanced in Old Angus. The war is, of course, sadly reducing supplies, but Old Angus is still obtainable—may your search be rewarded.



A NOBLE SCOTCH—Gentle as a lamb



If building is to go forward at the speed which the nation demands, new ways of planning and of construction will be needed. Whatever may be the scope and shape of the building

BANISTER WALTON & CO. LTD.
STRUCTURAL STEELWORK
RIVETTED • WELDED

London, Manchester & Birmingham



A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.
ALDWYCH HOUSE LONDON W.C.2



Lembar, Lembar everywhere...

... but not for you to drink, unless you suffer from colds, flu, acidosis, or biliousness. All healthy civilians must avert their eyes from the bottles of Lembar on the chemist's shelves, until peace allows all healthy civilians to follow their natural instincts and buy a round half-dozen.

RAYNER'S medicinal

Lembar

(Lemon juice, glucose, barley and sugar)

Obtainable from chemists

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

Thanks—but don't stop!

Real praise is due to every citizen who has done his or her bit in saving salvage—and to all the local authorities and the voluntary organisations who have helped in collection. But the need is as urgent as ever, so keep up the good work—even if collections are less frequent because of labour shortage.

What do I do...?

I keep up my waste paper, rag and bone salvage, all of which go to make essential equipment for our fighting men.

I keep waste paper dry and clean and in a separate bundle.

I keep rags separate too, ready for collection, or dispose of them to a rag-and-bone man.

I clean and dry all bones, except fish bones, and keep them in a ventilated container, or put them in the bone bin if one is provided in my neighbourhood.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by
the Brewers' Society

but just right
IF IT'S
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK
THANKS TO ITS
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER

ER 358-96



The day before yesterday I sent you a leash of golden plovers—the greatest delicacy of this season. They suit the palate after a bad cold, as well as Oliver's biscuits, which are famous?

—DISRAELI WRITING
TO MRS. BRYDGES WILLIAMS,
ON MARCH, 1862.

For the 200 years, Bath Oliver Biscuits have won the recognition of discriminating palates because of their inimitable crispness and quality. Although wartime conditions have affected supplies today, they will be plentiful again when peace is here.

Fortts
ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS



Lucky me

A nice warm bath and then a rub down with a "Morning Joy" Towel... so soft and gentle and so "cuddly." No wonder she's so happy.

VANTONA
Towels

Father's and Mother's favourite, too... and so colourful and decorative in the bathroom. It won't be long now before they are easier to buy. The range of VANTONA household Textiles also includes "Court" Bedcovers, Blansheets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Ticking—all bear the VANTONA Tab.

The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau is still at your service. VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER 1

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S DREAM

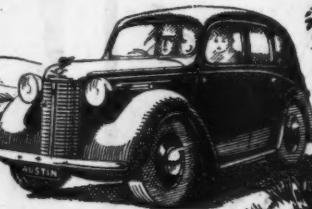


"Half a pound of cooked ham,
an ox tongue and three packets
of Crawford's Cream Crackers.
They'll be there before you get
home, madam."

Crawford's Biscuits
are good biscuits

No. 4

MORE
DEPENDABLE
THAN EVER



THE AUSTIN

Among the many advances which distinguish Austin cars are: improvements to the oil circulation in the engine, giving better lubrication and longer life to bearings; protection for exhaust valves; lubricated timing chain with patented rubber tensioner; 'softer' rubber engine mountings, all contributing to greater silence and durability; improved radiator, steering and gear-box, and quieter, sturdier back-axle. In these and other ways, war-time experience will make the Austin more comfortable, more economical, more dependable than ever.

* The Austin post-war range comprises 8, 10, 12 and 16 h.p. cars—four-door saloons only, with choice of three colours

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM (also Export Dept.)

8.D.254

Now it can be told...

Many of the Heinz Varieties that you could not get for so long have been on Service with the Forces. Here is a list of what they have had, and, knowing Heinz quality, you can judge what has been done to keep them "fighting fit" :

SELF-HEATING CANS

of Kidney Soup, Cream of Green Pea Soup, Mock Turtle Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Oxtail Soup, Cream of Chicken Soup, Cocoa Milk, Malt Milk.

DEHYDRATED VEGETABLES

Potato, Carrot, Cabbage.

OTHER VARIETIES

Baked Beans — Tomato Soup — Celery Soup — Minced Beef and Vegetables — Savoury Rice and Sausages — Corned Beef Hash — Stewed Steak — Canned Mutton — Pork and Vegetables — Beef Stew — Boiled Beef, Carrots and Dumplings — Meat and Vegetable Ration — Steak and Kidney Pudding — Mutton Broth — Treacle Pudding — Mixed Fruit Pudding — Marmalade Pudding — Rice Pudding — Sultana Pudding — Date Pudding — Vegetable Salad — Sausages — Chicken and Ham Paste — Spaghetti.

HEINZ

57

Always ready to serve



"TOMORROW"—when peace-time returns—the production of new cars will be rapid. They will have new gadgets and new refinements. But the British climate will remain unchangedly changeable. You will need Morlands Glastonburys as much as ever. But the post-war Glastonburys will be better than ever because we have learned a lot in making sheepskin lined footwear and clothing for airmen and motorised soldiers.

War-time
Ladies' Ankle Boot



Glastonburys

War-time Sheepskin Slipper



MORLANDS
GLASTONBURYS



PUNCH

or
The London Charivari



Vol. CCVIII No. 5446

May 30 1945

Charivaria

THE regulation dealing with the spreading of alarm and despondency has been abolished. The reappearance of weather forecasts at about the same time was just a coincidence.

○ ○

Newspapers are getting back to their old form. Whitsun has given them a gratifying start by being the busiest since the end of the European war.

○ ○



The Food Minister's gloomy pronouncements come at a time when, if they had come sooner, some pessimist would still have claimed that he wasn't surprised.

○ ○

A writer says ice-cream dates back to antiquity. How soon people overlook a two years' lapse of pedigree!

○ ○

Indoor Morrison shelters in London are now being removed and the space turned into flats.

○ ○

How Now, Old Mole . . . ?

"Thirty-four Dutchmen, mostly ex-members of the Dutch underground forces, have arrived in AUSTRALIA to join the Netherlands East Indies army."—*The Times*.

○ ○

The San Francisco Conference goes on apace. The more it divides of the world—well, the more it divides, anyway.

The Japanese Air Force is short of pilots. Thus it makes a bid to oust the *Luftwaffe* from the position it so long denied holding.

For Good Measure

"From 10 a.m. to dawn the next day the company held the bridge, throwing back three waves of German paratroops, and also the house guarding the end of the bridge . . ."—*Daily paper*.

○ ○

In his will a Yorkshire industrialist bequeathed a furnished bungalow to one of his two sons. The other he cut off with a fortune.

○ ○

While digging near his home a Reigate man found two new golf balls. But was he on his allotment or the golf course?

○ ○



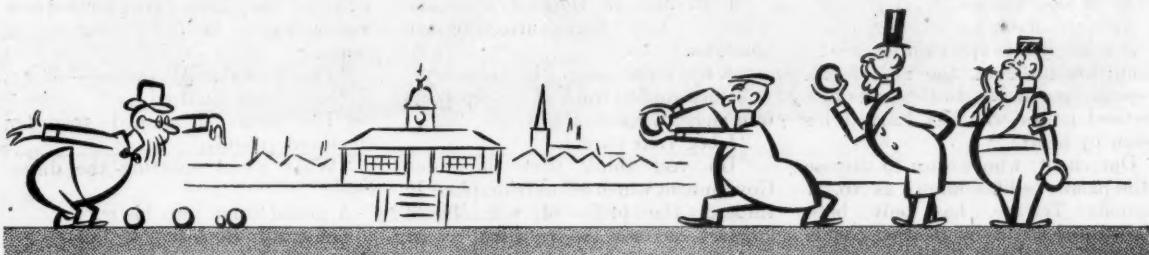
A new petrol-lighter is claimed by its inventor to be proof against the strongest wind. We have one that also defies the strongest fuel.

○ ○

Peace is on its way: local authorities are putting down roads and taking up streets again.

○ ○

The older bowls players are to come into their own this season, according to a sports writer. This is capable of wide interpretation in the way of court dress.



Buying a House

SINCE I had seen so many houses, I thought I would get one for myself. But experience had made me cautious. I went into a large room like a temple which was furnished neatly with tables, chairs and telephones. The walls were plastered with lists of flats, hovels, huts and mansions, surcharged with the simple word "SOLD." Nearly every chair was occupied by a woman trying to practise sex appeal. On the floor, men were kneeling with their hands raised in the attitude of prayer. I waited until a seat was vacant, and sat down. I rested my head on one hand and feigned slumber. Very gently at first, with a gradually increasing resonance I began to snore.

I was aroused by a touch on my shoulder. I awoke with a sudden start and said sleepily, "Any cigarettes?"

"We do not sell cigarettes."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "A pint of bitter, please."

"We do not sell beer."

"What in thunder do you sell?"

"We negotiate the transfer of desirable residential properties."

"You trade houses?"

"We do."

"Well, I have a house."

This was a lie. But you cannot fight with your fists a man who is holding a tommy-gun.

"Why have you come here?"

"I happened to be walking down Meningitis Avenue—"

"There is no such place."

"It may have been Montbretia Road."

"Magnolia Terrace?"

"Very likely. There was a heap of rubble with No. 77 written on what had once been a door. And there was a board outside with your name written on it."

"Certainly."

"I thought it would be a good place for pasturing my goats."

"Your goats?"

"Three of them. One is an Angora. They like a rocky wilderness with plenty of loose stones."

"You are making a mock of me."

"Not at all. Is this ruin for sale?"

Shutting his eyes, the man began to speak very swiftly in the tones of a practised orator who has learned his speech by heart.

"Our client, who wishes to dispose of the palatial edifice known as No. 77 Magnolia Terrace, has only been induced to leave it by the fact that a still more wonderful palace has been

left to him by an aunt in her will. For this reason he is ready to sacrifice No. 77 for the ridiculous sum of ten thousand pounds, although he has already been offered twelve thousand by an Argentine millionaire."

"You surprise me. How many goats had the Argentine millionaire?"

"My client resisted this offer, solely on the ground that the attitude of the Argentine Republic during this great global war had not been entirely generous to the Allied cause, and he would therefore prefer to keep this magnificent edifice—"

"This dilapidated eyesore—"

"This Taj Mahal—"

"This devastated lumber-yard—"

"This architectural paradise—"

"This ramshackle folly—"

"This Hall of a Thousand Delights in the hands of a fellow countryman."

"Let it pass."

"The princely structure is fitted with all modern improvements, 7 bed., 3 recep., kit., pant., lard., extensive cupboards, marble staircase, central heating, parquet floors, two bathrooms, spacious solarium, beautiful garden, imposing entrance hall—"

I raised my hand.

"Just a moment. I happened to peer through the letter-box. The imposing entrance hall imposes no more. It has fallen through into the coal-cellars."

"Is that so? I had not been informed."

"Thistles are sprouting through the pavement of the solarium."

"They can be removed."

"The boiler in the basement has rusted away. It is more like a refrigerator than a boiler."

"There would be an extra charge for a refrigerator."

"I could smell the dry-rot from a quarter of a mile away. The noise of the death-watch beetles drowned the roar of the passing traffic. There were two dead rats in the sink."

"You could not see that by peeping through the letter-box."

"I climbed in through a broken window. There were fourteen broken windows."

"A few repairs might be necessary."

"What do you think of the prospects of a General Election?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Do you think that the same Government which led us triumphantly through the perils of war should conduct us into the catastrophes of peace?"

"The question scarcely arises."

"Nor does 77 Magnolia Terrace. A touch would knock it down. What did you say was the price?"

"Ten thousand pounds. My client could not take a penny less. The parquet floors alone—"

"My goats do not like parquet floors. It makes them skid."

"Once again you are being foolish. I doubt whether there is another house in London that presents so many attractions to the would-be purchaser as No. 77 Magnolia Terrace. The aménités of the neighbourhood—"

"Which be they?"

"Bus No. 294A passes every thirty-five minutes."

"And when it does, No. 77 rocks like a blancmange. One practically has to hold it up while one is looking at it."

"Are you really interested in this property?"

"I am. I was wondering what you would pay me to take it off your hands."

"You insult me. I am waiting patiently for you to make me an offer."

"Toss you double or quits."

"That is ridiculous."

"Don't you think it's a pity that Himmler committed suicide?"

"What has that to do with our conversation?"

"I thought he could have been pastured with my goats."

"It would be possible to convert this abode of the gods into two unique maisonettes."

"Don't use the word 'unique' in the plural like that. It gives me a pain under the heart."

"You could always sell this ducal pile for twice the money you have paid for it."

"I haven't paid anything for it, yet. What do you say to six hundred pounds?"

"I think you are merely wasting my time."

"I wish I had known your client's aunt. She must have been a good woman. She knew how her nephew was suffering in this concentration camp."

"This veritable Alhambra—"

"Say seven hundred."

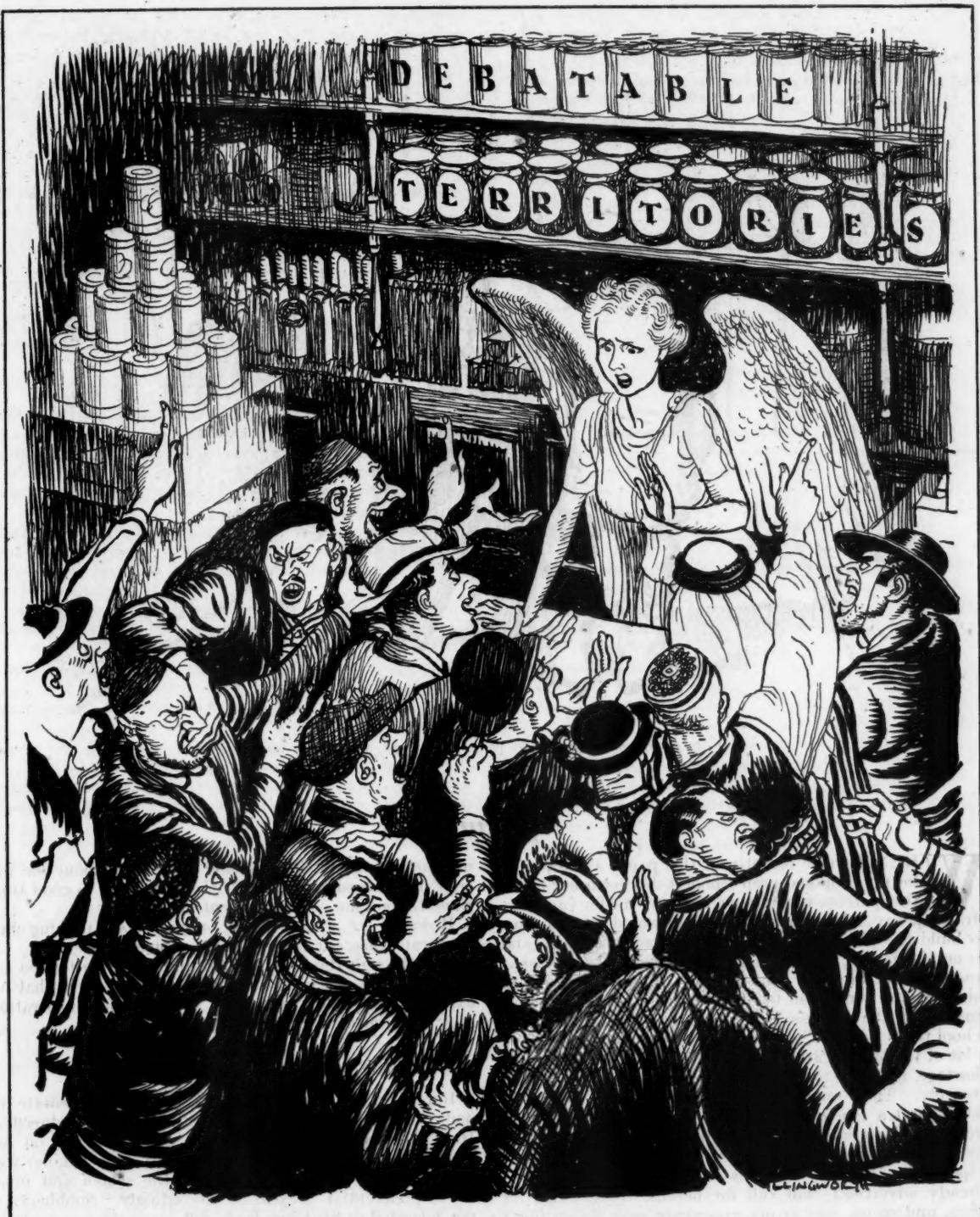
"The figure I named was ten thousand pounds."

"What about splitting the difference?"

A gleam came into his eyes.

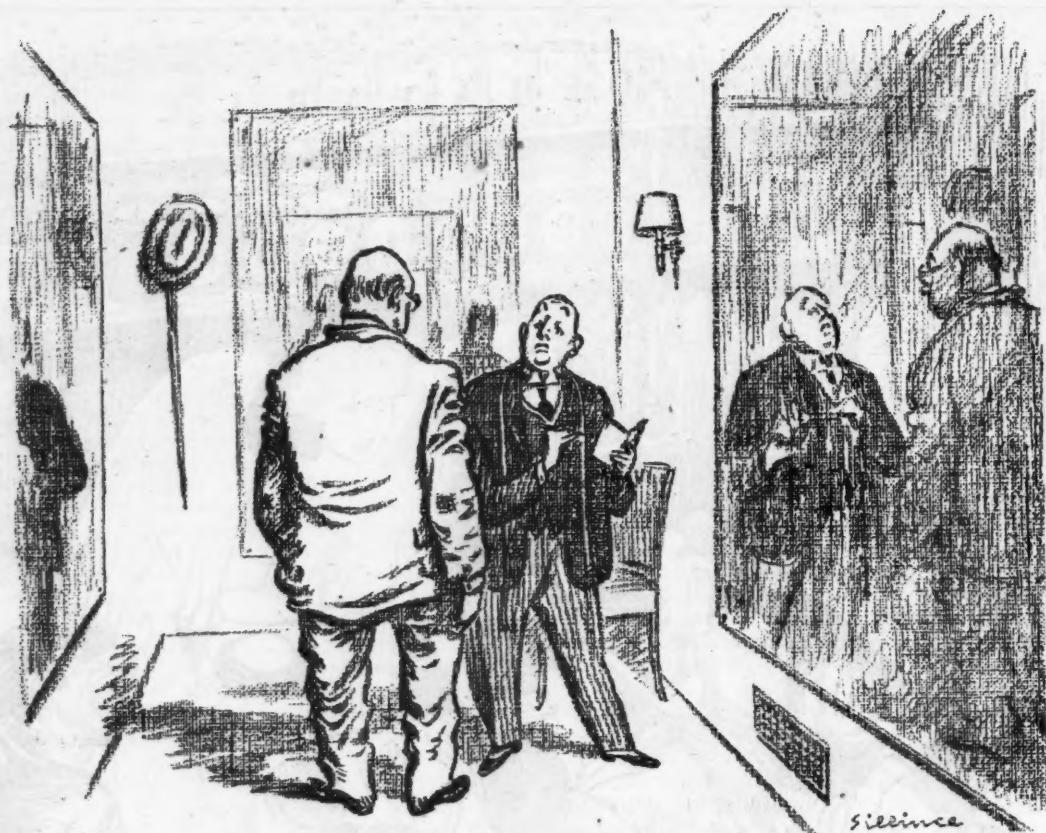
The trout was rising at last.

EVOE.



TROUBLE IN THE QUEUE

"Take your turn, please—there's nothing under the counter for anyone."



"You're in no hurry for your new suit, are you, sir?"

Aftermath

WHEN I wrote recently in this paper a prospectus for my proposed prep school it did not occur to me that parents would begin to pester me for vacancies straight away. I had hoped that they would give me time to build the place, get my team of matrons together, and so on. After all, Rome, as I shall often say to my boys, was not built in a day, and I really cannot undertake to admit young gentlemen to St. Vitus Hall until I know at least what the address is going to be. Starting a good school takes time. The gymnasium, for instance, will need a lot of thought. Parallel bars, of which there is a chronic shortage, will have to be bought, also rings, vaulting horses, etc., etc. Then one must have swords—the foil, épée, sabre—and a fencing-master skilled in the use of these weapons. How can I include fencing (£3 3s. 0d.) among the Extras if I have no fencing-master? I am not a crook, I hope. The Herony, which is to be a special feature as already advertised, will call for herons, trees, twigs for nests, and so on, and in my experience such things don't grow on bushes. Twigs of course do grow on bushes, but nobody will say, surely, that that is an adequate reason for declaring a preparatory school open to the public before it exists.

No, no. Don't rush me, mothers. Give me time to sift

my sandy sub-soil, fathers, and to gather about me my crew of University graduates. I will tell you in good time when to send me your guinea entrance fee.

However, *ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, nothing but good can come out of evil, as the Roman poet has it. A glance through the five hundred and eighty letters so far received from parents makes it abundantly clear that an extra paragraph or two dealing with the older generation must be inserted in my prospectus.

IMPORTANCE OF PARENTS

Important or wealthy parents should not hesitate to make their position clear when writing to the Headmaster. He fully understands that a boy who is related on his mother's side to the late Deputy-Governor of Malabar will be something of an acquisition to the school and must have preferential treatment accordingly. Snobbery is not tolerated at St. Vitus Hall, and every effort is made to ensure that even the sons of doctors and clergymen feel at home there; but a just appreciation of rank is a valuable asset for a growing boy, so that much is gained and nothing lost by the school system of cubicles for the sons of peers. There is a large and airy dormitory for commoners.

DELICATE OR SENSITIVE CHILDREN

Every boy at St. Vitus Hall is expected to be delicate and unusually sensitive for his age. Parents are therefore requested not to dwell on this point at too great length in their letters. The school system, at work and play alike, is designed to meet the individual phobias and repressions of highly-strung boys; open-air classes are held, under the supervision of claustrophobic masters, for boys with a horror of being confined in class-rooms, football is optional, and so on. At the same time there is no mollycoddling, the standard aimed at being a gentle manliness after the model of Sir Philip Sidney.

Boys suffering from homesickness may go home without extra charge, or if preferred parents may stay in the Dower House by arrangement.

(Note.—Parents are specially requested to refrain from badgering the Headmaster for accommodation in the Dower House during the next few weeks. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that there is as yet NO Dower House.)

CLOTHES LIST

The Headmaster cannot entertain correspondence on the subject of the boys' clothes. Six expert matrons will in due course handle this question, but in the meantime it is useless to write to the Headmaster about socks. The Headmaster has no socks. Boys will be expected to bring six of everything, except handkerchiefs and collars, of which they will bring twelve. If he has any more trouble about clothes, the Headmaster is prepared to double these figures, and to insist on name tapes instead of marking ink for *all* items.

Hair-brushes must be provided with loops, for some reason.

EXTRA MILK

A great deal of nonsense has been written to the Headmaster about Extra Milk. There will be NO Extra Milk. The Headmaster is at a loss to understand why parents should write to him about extra milk before they know how much milk the boys are going to get anyway. The boys will have all the milk there is. If there is any left over it will be sent to the parents. Admission to the school implies that this condition is understood and accepted.

REDUCED FEES

The Headmaster is sick and tired of letters about reductions in fees. There will be NO REDUCTIONS. St. Vitus Hall is a school for the sons of persons in comfortable circumstances and those who cannot afford it had better try elsewhere, instead of attempting to reduce the Headmaster to their own uncomfortable condition.

Fees are payable in advance, which gives parents the advantage of having nothing to pay (except Extras) at the end of the boy's last term.

When three or more brothers are at the school at the same time, name tapes with FULL INITIALS *must* be used.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

It is a little early as yet to describe at length all that the Old Boys' Association will come to mean to those who have passed the most impressionable years of their life at St. Vitus Hall. But subscriptions for the proposed stained-glass window in the School Chapel, or for the whole chapel if preferred, may be sent to the Headmaster by prospective parents in the name of future Old Boys.

Just send the subscription through. Don't try to bully the Headmaster about Undenominational worship.

H. F. E.

*The Secretary, Punch Comforts Fund,
10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.*

MY DEAR SIRS.—Your most generous parcels of woollies have come safely to hand and I should just like to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks.

I shall be grateful if you will pass on to all your readers who contribute to your comforts fund my sincere appreciation, for it is only through the unseen, and all too often unacknowledged, work of such people that we are enabled to issue to our seafaring lads those extra garments which they need so much and appreciate so warmly.

With all good wishes and very many thanks for your generosity to us at all times,

I am, Yours sincerely,


Rev. J. C. P. Morris
Chaplain

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

Basic Petrol

THEY all crept back into the little lanes,
the unconsidered ways
when the motor-cars went:
husbandmen squirrels with wise and whirligig brains,
and bushy-browed hedgehogs
(like oldest inhabitants, bent
and hobbling in the sunshine),
and screaming jays.

Indeed
I have seen a badger in his shabby tweed,
his rough old pepper-and-salt, the worse for wear,
cross Thorner Lane-end as though he were any farm worker
going home,
as though he had a right to be there.
And weasels, too,
which, as cats hate the rain, detest the dew.

For the quick-witted wild things discovered they could play
or go about their business all the day
with nothing more alien to cause a skip of the heart
than a boy on a bicycle
or an old farm-cart
lumbering between hedges, not slashed as they used to be
slashed
in the days of the motor-cars.
Wild roses spread over those hedges in a Milky Way
of wanton summer stars.

Puzzled perhaps they were by distant thunder
and lightning-flashes, when the cave of Night was hollowed
briefly by blinding light
again—again—
yet no rain followed.

Their baffled innocence may ask in vain:
If that was war—
and is this peace again?

R. C. S.

Rational

IN halcyon days we sugared free
And banqueted at ease,
Could calmly eat our bit of meat
And wanton on our cheese;
With spread of butter from the cow
As casual as you please.

Then came the rations. Coupons came
And have endured till now.
Small store we had of meat, begad,
Or product of the cow,
We little drew of sugar, but
We got along somehow.

Yet we foresaw a time when we
Might spread ourselves anew
On divers fats like plutocrats,
On meats and sugar too,
Might say farewell to margarine,
To sausage-meat, adieu.

The Day has come, long looked-for, and
We learn, instead of more,
By stern duress we're booked for less
E'en than we had before,
But still we cavil not, for we
Are noble at the core.

'Tis ours to help at need, and hope
Th' abominable Hun
Who wrought the ill will pay his fill
For the vile thing he's done.
That being truly understood,
I shan't complain, for one.

DUM-DUM.

• •

Quite Still, Please

HAS it ever occurred to you that each time you do anything, tie up your left boot or take a pinch of snuff, the whole action consists of a number of separate actions which add up to three or four times the number really needed to do what you set out to do? That you are therefore burning yourself up at a preposterous pace and there can be little hope of such a waster surviving in an age governed by the stark principles of socio-econo-politico-industrial planning?

I dare say not. Fortunately the matter is in safer hands. I learn that men called job analysts are already mingling quietly with society, noting the superfluous movements of riveters, duchesses and dustmen with the same alert but unobtrusive detachment with which bird-watchers record the goings-on of the cuckoo. Further, we have the Motion Study Society of Great Britain, anxious, if I do not mistake its aims,

to ensure that not one of us raises an unnecessary finger.

This all links up with much of my own original thinking, and I have just spent a day in front of a large mirror, endeavouring to mark down deadwood movements for subsequent thinning-out. In the interests of science and humanity I append my notes:

0805. Awakened by alarm-clock. Reach out to still it when observe stout stranger in bed not many yards away doing same. As result miss clock twice and at third shot project it under bed, where it continues in full song. Observe stranger has been similarly unlucky. Climb out of bed and retrieve clock, bumping head on that of stranger. Remember about mirror and regret experimental day should have started in such spendthrift fashion. Waking sequence can obviously be severely pruned. Lie perfectly still, except for tremor in little toe fortunately invisible in mirror.

0820. Bathroom sequence begins. Calculate normally expend 330 movements of shaving-brush on obtaining lather. Decide to cut these to 150, slightly rotating brush to build up extra friction. Drop brush. Remove cobwebs and two small beetles. Start again. Drop brush. Remove bigger beetle. Start again. No sooner begin shaving than observe am swinging very short with razor. Feel dazed at thought of sum of additional movements this must have involved all down the years since my seventeenth birthday. Lengthen swing and attempt to follow through. Succeed, but at cost of wart long since on permanent establishment.

0841. Rush of blood slightly discouraged. Enter bath. Not long before mirror emphasizes notably poor loofah-control and rather amateurish employment of flannel. In particular do not appear to possess any definite technique for dealing with ears. Climb out of bath, making 23 distinct movements and hoping that Motion Study Soc. of G.B. will sponsor film of one of its professional motion-study engineers taking rationalized bath showing optimum aural itinerary. Drying turns out to be very expensive business. Count up to 192 and am suddenly very tired. Still wet between toes but feel must call halt in view of reproof in face of mirror.

0857. Begin dressing and am again quickly disheartened. Determine for future to wear only siren-suit and combinations with socks sewn on. Studs, one of which went down

neck, alone accounted for over 200 movements. On techno-psychological grounds alone tie reveals itself utterly condemned.

0921. Breakfast comforts me moderately. Steady rhythm of attack on cereal encouraging, and marmalade-distribution slick. Disaster follows as owing to slight distortion in mirror put down teapot in thin air.

1009. Settle down at typewriter for morning on lifework, *Archaeological Survey of Fallen Arches in Liberia*. Am well aware of mental exertion demanded by literary composition, but am frankly amazed to record for first time physical effort required. Tally at end of morning shows have paced no less than two miles between mantelpiece and window, lit pipe 83 times, scratched head on 42 distinct occasions, recrossed legs 98 times, torn up page and reinserted new 19 times, while critical turning-points in flow of prose have impelled me to 20 rubbings of right ear. After lopping and whittling inseparable from the work of an artist find myself one crystal sentence nearer conclusion of my immortal book.

1300. Mrs. Gambouge - Harkaway comes to lunch. Apologize for mirror and explain am carrying out experiments in elimination of unnecessary movement. Old battle-axe replies for that nothing to touch plaster of Paris. Asks what about Mr. Gladstone's 42 bites? Warn her have selected menu which presents considerable though by no means insuperable difficulties. Replies she can deal with anything but horse. First comes *tagliatelli*. Mrs. G.-H. tackles it as if she were digging for buried ingots against the clock. Resolve to give her name to Motion Study Soc. of G.B. as candidate for conversion-course. Not much more efficient myself. Here dash of belligerent blood would obviously help tremendously. Next comes stewed tripe and tinned peas. Tripe allows of fairly geometric tactics, but peas baffle all attempts at scientific induction. With hers Mrs. G.-H. appears to be playing game of monochromatic snooker. Even small piece of mouse-trap cheese costs me 43 movements, which is sheer inflation. All very depressing. Afraid have been somewhat unentertaining host. Mrs. G.-H. thinks so too and goes off in huff before coffee, saying she wants to get clear of premises before I seize up altogether. . . .

At this point, it seems, I fell into a deep sleep of utter exhaustion, a condition not unknown to pioneers, from which I did not awaken until the small

hours of the next morning. I remember reflecting as I did so how fecklessly the great craftsmen of the past had squandered their gifts in uncalled-for fidgetings, and wondering at what angle Chippendale's production-graph would have risen but for his habit of standing back frequently from his work to blow on his hands.

ERIC.

Porters

OFFICERS coming back to the Middle East from England after enjoying their thirty days' leave say that one of the most striking contrasts between Egypt and England is the porterage situation.

"You have to carry your own baggage everywhere you go," said Major Potson, "unless your family organization is so good that a couple of sturdy nephews not yet embroiled in the war effort have been laid on."

Captain Sympson, who is always a little inclined to exaggerate, said that after being in Egypt for three years it would be like a little bit of heaven to be in a porterless country.

"Last time I went to Cairo," he said, "I happened to have no money on me except a five-pound note, and as I had only a couple of reasonably light suitcases and my little typewriter I decided to manage without a porter for the short walk from train to taxi. I estimate that before getting outside the station I was attacked by thirty-seven porters, who grabbed my suitcases and typewriter and tried to wrest them from me by main force. Only courage and tenacity of purpose enabled me to hold on to them, and most of the way I was carrying not merely my luggage, but an average of at least five porters as well. And besides those who actually joined in the attack there were many more who made verbal offers to assist, to which the only answer I could make was to shake my head violently from side to side, so that it went on shaking for several minutes after I was safely in the taxi, giving the impression to the taxi-driver that whichever road he turned down was the wrong one, and causing several traffic-blocks before I could reassure him."

"Personally," I said, "I consider that in Egypt hotel porters are the worst menace. If you happen to be travelling with a bed-roll or some other large package which you cannot yourself carry with ease or dignity, it costs you a small fortune to move into an hotel."

Tongassas

JINDON TRANSPORT

"How nice it was when you could see out."



JINDON TRANSPORT

"How nice it was when you couldn't see in."

Sympson nodded.

"It has been officially estimated," he said, "that to get an average stack of luggage into the Hotel Filoos in Cairo necessitates tipping at least thirty different porters. As soon as the taxi draws up outside the hotel two men open the taxi door, or one opens it and the other helps him. Six porters then grab your luggage. If you have only three pieces, then one man takes either end of each. With every evidence of exhaustion they carry the luggage three yards to the steps of the hotel, where they put it down and hold out their hands for tips. Another six then take over and get it up to the hotel door, where their work ends. The two doormen manage to get it through the door by themselves, where squads of small boys in red hats and white night-gowns rush forward like a locust-drift to get it as far as the lift. A special squad is detailed to put it into the lift, and another two men go up in the lift with it. These do not handle it at the top, their job being merely to summon the various upper-

floor porters, who may actually get it inside the bedroom unless the bedroom attendant can cut off their advance in time. I know quite a lot of officers who have lived at the Hotel Filoos for months longer than they originally intended, simply because they could not raise the cash to pay the porters to get their luggage out again."

o o

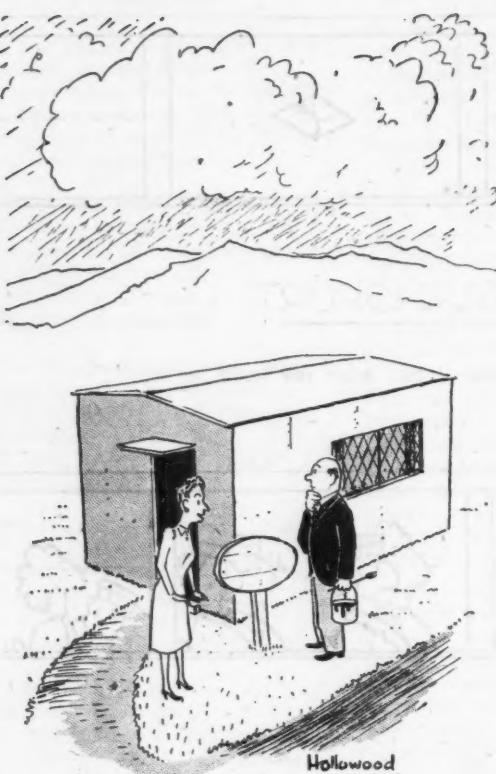
Complex

When people you meet
in
the street
grin,
do you think they are grinning
at you?
Because I do
too.

o o

Duet

"Mrs. Blundle recited a humorous monologue by A. A. Milne, whilst Mrs. L. Mitchell sang 'I'll Walk Beside You'." *Sussex Paper.*



"How about calling it 'Alfred's Folly,' Alfred?"

Author! Come Down to This Planet!

RUMOUR has it (and Rumour can keep it) that Russia . . . that Poland . . . that Marshal Tito . . . that although Carinthia . . . that the fact is, when the French in the Lebanon . . .

No. If you want to worry (and bless your great big tousled heart, I know you do), worry with Mr. Sam Marx and me over the stories of films.

Mr. Sam Marx is a producer in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, and I read his observations reported in *Variety* a few weeks ago. *Variety* announced that he had been "thumbing his way through piles of manuscripts," and judging from them, he said, "everybody seems to be either going to or coming from either Heaven or Hell." He then shifted his ground slightly and complained: "People are either talking to animals (*à la* 'Harvey') or vice versa. Doesn't anybody care a hoot any more about what's going on right here on earth?"

Of course it would not be difficult to find a school of thought devoted to the thesis that right here on earth is precisely where a lot of talking to or by animals *is* going on; but then this school of thought, being very largely composed of dubious-looking characters rapidly on their

way to or from Heaven or Hell, is one whose opinions the rest of us earthbound materialists may ignore.

Admittedly, either before or after he made his pronouncement, Mr. Marx must have unearthed a few suitable stories; for *Variety* says he is to make three or possibly four pictures, "all dealing exclusively with this planet, namely, the world we live in." But broadly his point of view is one most of us can sympathize with. For those allergic to fantasy—and if you are allergic to the word "allergic," I say to you, in no uncertain terms, Pooh—the cinema these days is dangerous ground. I mean quite apart from the feet in the gangway, the tumbles down the precipitous balcony, and the erupting organ.

(At the risk of not wearying the reader, I may quote the little-known nursery rhyme that begins, for all the world as if it were going on,

*Little Boy Blue, come stand up with a smile
(The hats in the gangway, the corns in the aisle)*

—but enough of that.)

We see in Mr. Marx's remarks, I think, a slight hint of *non-sequitur*. The question is not precisely whether or not anybody cares a hoot about what's going on right here on earth, but whether or not anybody thinks it worth (and how much, in dollars) writing a film story about. The prevalence of fantasy may, to be sure, be a sign of the writers' inability to deal with the less bizarre phenomena of everyday life on this planet (namely, the world we live in) in such a way as to arouse interest; but it may equally be a sign of their conviction that however well they dealt with these phenomena nobody would turn a hair, or an eye, or (more important) a turnstile.

I hear you whisper the word "escapism"; I have whispered it myself. But this brings us to the problem of what is, and what is not, to be considered escape. Escape to Heaven—all right; but escape to Hell? Escape to a babel or madhouse of conversational animals? Escape to a milieu of whimsical personages holding discussions with the brute creation? Come to my office after the show and let me try to explain to you the subtle but none the less radical difference between a frying-pan and a fire.

It may well occur to you to wonder why Mr. Marx is concerning himself about what the original story says anyway. When did Hollywood allow that to cramp its style? If the original has a personage conversing with an animal on his way to Heaven, why not remove the animal, and the conversation, and the road to Heaven, and indeed the personage, and concentrate on the world we live in, namely, this planet?

But it seems, according to *Variety*, that Mr. Marx has an artistic conscience: he really means to stick to the stories he has chosen. Well, so be it; but it so happens that the very same page of *Variety* suggests a spectacularly interesting alternative. Here is a review of an Argentine-made film version of *A Woman of No Importance*, which emerges blinking into the South American sunlight under the name *Una Mujer Sin Importancia*. The review begins "Oscar Wilde transported to an Argentine locale and atmosphere, with the epigrams whittled away and dated melodrama left in its place, represents riotous entertainment." The scene is now, it appears, the hill province of Cordoba, and the characters are Argentinians: "'Mrs. Arbutnott' has been transformed into the manager of a Cordoba curio shop, and her son, Gerald, clerks in the local bank."

Now why did they have to fool around with Dorian Gray in London on his way to Hell when they might so easily have transformed him into the proprietor of an all-night beanery in Mexico City?

R. M.

Frontier Problem May Defy Solution

(From our Post-war Correspondent)

EUROPE, WEDNESDAY. I am writing this dispatch in the waiting-room of the small disused wayside station that used to mark the frontier between Czamjlk and Brdnok. The ground around the station is pitted, deeply scarred and criss-crossed with boundary lines—most of them comparatively new. Some are as deep as plough-furrows; others are merely superficial. Through the window, at this moment, I can see an elderly Czamjlk, thinly disguised as an U.N.R.R.A. official, walking backwards over the disputed territory and scraping a new line with the side of his boot.

The Brdnok "Appendix," as the area is called, is one of the storm centres of Europe. It is claimed by seven nations, three local authorities and the "Acme" Investment Trust, and every one of them makes out a fairly respectable case. Ethnically the zone presents few difficulties, for the only inhabitant, Mr. Aackch Wvsarp, is a pronounced Brdnok type. His blood-group is 24A—Cope's International Scale (1941, revised). But if racial affinities are strong with Brdnok, Mr. Wvsarp looks, and has always looked, to Czamjlk for signs of approaching weather. He speaks Sljobj tolerably well but tends to drop his Js.

Until a plebiscite can be held—one is promised for the autumn, when Mr. Wvsarp has learned to write—the Appendix will certainly be front-page news, and anything untoward will touch off the highly inflammable nationalisms involved and may produce an "incident." Rain on polling day would make all the difference in the world to the result, for Mr. Wvsarp is a martyr to rheumatism.

The surfeit of boundary lines in the area has already interfered rather seriously with spring sowing, but in the long run the soil should benefit from the constant aeration.

The chief figures in the dispute, apart from those already mentioned, stake their claims on the following grounds:

Zylzotti: "The Appendix is the logical outlet for our trade in cut flowers."

Amkrombia: "It was ours in 1560. It is our bastion against the East and our *cordon sanitaire* against the West."

Nmekij: "We regard Mr. Wvsarp as our blood-brother."

Ananagana: "Possession of the Appendix is essential to support our reparations claim for rolling-stock."

Panagrulia: "Lebensraum, Equality and a fair do all round."

As I write one of those little machine things that we use in Britain for marking white lines on roads has appeared on the scene. It is being pushed, rather excitedly, by a fat man in sun-glasses.

Impasse

NO WASHING ALLOWED IN THE BATHROOM
Notice in a boarding-house.

"SAW DOCTOR required immediately by East London Sawmill."
Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

Wouldn't a dentist be best?





"Let's see—VE Day plus how many is it now?"

Evangeline

WHERE hundreds walk with laughing eyes
There's one will weep unseen,
And still the springs of Sorrow rise
In Joy's own Hippocrene;
The nearing summer brings the date
When other cars of happier fate
May pass once more the garden-gate—
But not Evangeline.

With what distress for human woe
That generous nature bled
I cannot tell; I only know
Evangeline is dead.

There blooms no petrol can revive
The sprite so buoyantly alive
In blessed 1935;
The heavenly spark is fled.

"Come out," I cried, "Evangeline!
The Hun has ordered arms;
The days are once again serene,
The nights without alarms,
No engine of a fiend's despair
Shall sally from its noisome lair,
No clattering rival in the air
Dispute your monstrous charms."

I ceased, in foolish hope to hear
That glad responsive shout
That once would fill with godly fear
The neighbours round about.

All, all was silent as before;
A solitary drop, no more,
Of water trickled to the floor,
Another bolt fell out.

Yet ages hence, when nights of June
Descend on sombre feet,
When cloudy armies daunt the moon
And bid the stars retreat,
A ghastly roar shall pierce the sky,
A noxious vapour sting the eye,
And one shall cross himself and cry
"She rides to-night!" and one reply
"Evangeline, ye gods on high!"
And pale with terror men shall fly
Or hide to watch The Thing go by
As Ghost Evangeline and I
Come lurching down the street.

M. H. L.



FAREWELL

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."



"Sorry, but only half-wrapping until we've finished off the Japs."

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Egg

XV—The Struggle for Existence

IN 1908 Mipsie's chief problem was that of finance. Indeed this might be said to apply to almost every year of her brave romantic life. Her pin money of £3,000 a year from Briskett nowhere near sufficed to meet her commitments, and she had nothing else to fall back on except her jewels, of which she gallantly refused to sell so much as one hat pin. I remember Addle coming upon her one day at Bengers (where she always lives in between husbands), laying out her collection on a stool for my benefit. "Those your frozen assets, Mipsie?" he asked. "My sister laughingly shook her head. "My assets are never frozen," she replied.

In those days of course no woman of the *beau monde* ever dreamed of earning her living, and indeed I strongly deprecate the custom which heavy taxation has forced upon us to-day. I shall never forget how

shocked I was when an old friend of mine, Craggie Kruschen (Baroness Kruschen, a cousin of the Hapsburgs), came to see me a few years ago, saying she was on her way to work. "What work?" I inquired. "Oh, charing," was the gay reply. "I go every day and scrub for Pamela Pershore and she does the same for me. Our servants wouldn't respect us if we did our own houses." As a matter of fact Craggie had the best of the bargain, because the Duchess of Pershore's house was always a centre of Society, so she was able to write something called a gossip column, very lucrative apparently, on the strength of what she learned below-stairs.

But to return to Mipsie. One day, after reading an article in the *Queen* on the subject of American admiration of English society, she bethought her of inserting an advertisement in a famous daily paper, graciously offering

her help to American parents in launching their daughters. The response was overwhelming—so much so that she was able to pick and choose, and true to her ideals select only those families who loved their daughters so deeply that money was no object where their welfare was concerned. Her prospectus read as follows:

Minimum charge per season per daughter £500

With Court Presentation. (This to include private dances, Ranelagh, Lord's, etc. Court and special balls, Ascot, box at Opera and personal contact with Royalty extra). £750

MARRIAGE TERMS

English Duke £2,000

Ditto Marquess or Earl £1,500

Ditto Viscount, Baron or Baronet from £1,000

Foreign Royalty or title . By arrangement Financier . . . 2½% on bridegroom's income

REDUCTIONS are allowed in the event of marriages with clergyman, penniless lieutenant, schoolmaster, country doctor, etc.

Mipsie had a very successful first season with this new venture, taking on two delightful girls at the full rate. Indeed, she was forced to charge more for one, pointing out to her parents that she had a slight squint and that marriage would therefore be more difficult to arrange; but her devoted father, Mr. Quiston B. Grape, was only too ready to pay the extra, and the result was a happy alliance with a new peer, in which Mipsie got the commission for a baron and also 2½ per cent. on his income, as she justly claimed that he would never have been given his title but for his generous contributions to party funds and that therefore he ranked as a financier. The other girl, pretty Mamie Druggett, was not quite so easy. The business started off badly by her having a great success at a dance with what she styled "a real English Doode." Mipsie, who had been playing bridge downstairs and had unfortunately lost, was too distracted to inquire his name, but cheered by the possibility of a good marriage for her young protégée, begged Mamie to invite him to dinner next day. When he arrived it transpired to be Bovo! Of course, with his brutal directness, he declared that nothing would induce him to handle anything sponsored by his former wife, and the disconsolate girl had to see her beau départ. Eventually she fell madly in love with a penniless young naval officer, which caused my sister much worry and many upsetting scenes with the girl, till it was suddenly discovered that that young man was heir to a baronetcy, so all was well and Mipsie was awarded her hard-earned commission.

But Fate seems to have decreed that nothing should succeed for long with my poor sister, and the following year saw the end of her valuable social work amongst American débütantes.

She had just married one girl to an earl, after a slight unpleasantness with her father, who argued that the fee should be £1,500, whereas Mipsie charged £2,000 because he was a duke's heir. Eventually it was amicably settled by Mipsie threatening to marry the bridegroom herself if she did not get her whole fee. She then had left only Alice McWhittle Potts, daughter of the biscuit king, who could well afford more than £2,000. Mipsie looked everywhere for a foreign Royalty but there were none available. Eventually, she went to the Balkans, where she had heard that it was easy to pick up princes cheap at the time. Sure enough, she soon found a young man who declared that for £1,000 he could establish his claim as hereditary

Prince of Sofa. Mipsie promised this sum, also marriage with a millionaire's daughter, on consideration of a reasonable income for herself after his wed-ding. All seemed well—Mr. Potts was delighted at the prospect of a prince, Alice enchanted with her bridegroom. Then a terrible thing happened. The prince was unfortunately rather a heavy drinker, and when his prospective father-in-law arrived the day before the wedding he was not entirely sober. Mr. Potts inquired "Are you His Highness?" The young man replied "I am no more Highness than you, sir, but Lady Millicent knows some old fool who will pay £1,000 for me to call myself Prince."

The resulting scenes may be imagined! Mr. Potts was furious and said unforgivable things to Mipsie before he took his daughter away. The bridegroom seemed equally incensed and actually expected my sister to pay his debts in England. In the end he accepted the cheque Addie gave him to return to his own country and the whole miserable affair was settled. But poor Mipsie's nerves were considerably shattered by the episode and I had to present her own daughter Millie for her, as she said she felt, after her last experience, she could never touch a débütante again.

M. D.



Farewell Lunch

I AM employed in a position of moderate responsibility by a very high-class firm which has several thousands of employees.

I am therefore flattered to receive from the Chief Personnel Officer a card which states that two of the most high-class members of this high-class firm are about to retire and that a lunch is being given in their honour, invitations to which are being sent only to a small number of those who have worked in close and intimate contact with them.

The reason for which I am flattered is that I am one of this small number which is invited to attend. I am also invited to send a cheque for a guinea, that being the price of the lunch.

One of these high-class retiring members is called Snout and the other is called Moonbeam.

The trouble is that I have never seen or spoken to Mr. Snout, so that it is difficult to understand why I have been chosen among the small number who have worked in close and intimate contact with him.

With Mr. Moonbeam, on the other hand, I have worked in very close and intimate contact, having, over a number of years, been rebuked by him daily for the crass stupidity with which I misunderstand his instructions.

Having, as I say, worked in such close and intimate contact with Mr. Moonbeam, I am naturally pleased to attend the lunch.

Or, more exactly, I am pleased to attend half the lunch.

I reply to the Chief Personnel Officer, intimating as much.

I enclose a cheque.

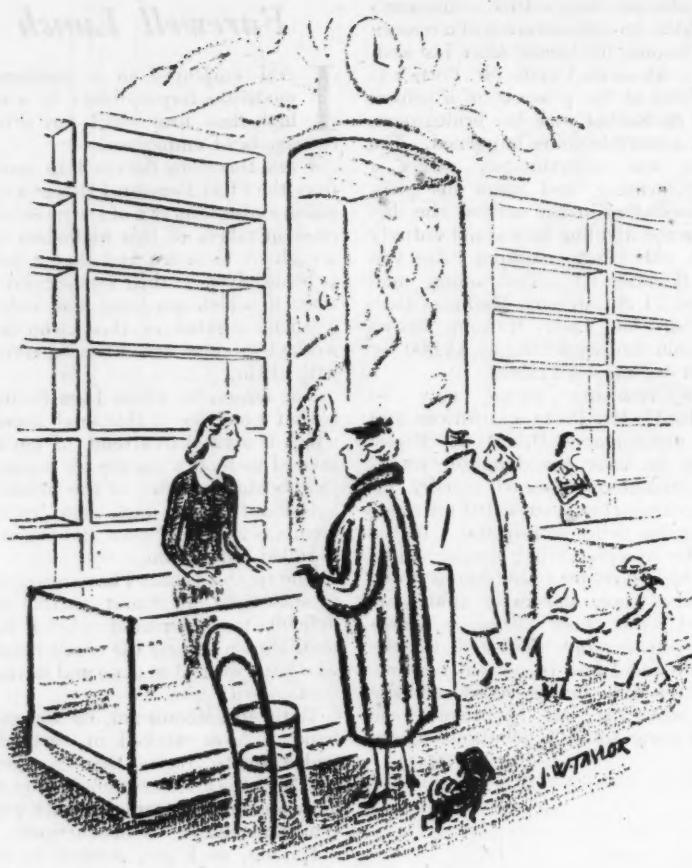
It is a cheque for half a guinea.

Suum Cuique

A BLACKBIRD on the lilac bush
Is singing in the sunset hush.
The lovely liquid phrases flow
Into the ear of G.I. Joe;
But Joe nostalgically thinks
Of whippoorwills and bobolinks.

Fair Warning

"When the barometer
reads below 30
Unsettled weather may be expected.
British Made."
Inscription on a barometer.



"Household linen? Try the next counter, madam—this is the stationery department."

Little Talks

DO you see a ray of hope anywhere?

What d'you mean?

I've been reading the papers.

Any news?

Not a thing.

Queer. Europe liberated—triumph of civilization—New World emerging. But no news—and no hope.

Well, you know what I mean. If Russia—By the way, are you a "Left-Wing element"?

Couldn't say. What is that?

No idea. But I keep reading that "Left-Wing elements" have done this or that in foreign parts. Either they are being brutally repressed by reactionary forces, or they are in the van of the progressive movement. Sometimes they are the nucleus of the

Resistance. But what it all means I cannot tell.

Well, of course, "Left Wing" is simple enough. I suppose I'm a Left-Winger myself.

Of what? The Labour Party?

No. As a matter of fact, I'm some way to the Right of the extreme Left.

Then what are you on the Left Wing of?

I'm Leftist—Left. Surely you know the meaning of that?

Of course. I am aware that the expression sprang from the accidental physical arrangement of certain Continental assemblies a long time ago. And I have always deprecated its application to British assemblies which are differently arranged; and to British politics which are—

Oh, but come, you know perfectly well what it means?

Do I? Well, I repeat, what are you a Left-Winger of? You're not, you say, the Outside Left of the Labour Party?

No.

Nor the Inside Left?

No. If you're talking about the Party, I suppose I'm somewhere about the Centre.

Centre of the Left? Jolly good show! But, then, what are you a Left-Wing element of?

I didn't say I was. I said you might call me a Left-Winger.

All right. But what of?

Well, of politics—the general political line. I mean I'm a long way to the Left of the Tories—and some way to the Left of the Liberals.

But you won't have anything to do with the Tories, will you? You hate their guts?

Certainly. Why not?

As you please. You're quite entitled. You'd like to destroy them?

Certainly.

Then isn't Left Wing a somewhat misleading expression?

Why?

Because to talk of "wings" suggests two parts of the same body—working together. It may be a bird; or it may be a football team. But the left wing of a bird or football team which, so far from working with the right wing, is eager to destroy it, is surely an absurdity—an impossibility?

Pedantic, as usual. You know quite well what is meant:

You keep saying that. But I don't. Nor does anybody else. That is my objection.

Anybody except you knows that the Left is always more advanced—more progressive—than the Right.

Why should a Left Wing be more advanced than the Right Wing? It doesn't make sense. If you set the port engine of a ship going ahead faster than the starboard engine the ship will go round in circles.

Of course, if you will use these ridiculous illustrations—!

My dear fellow, I didn't start these ridiculous figures of speech. You did. You said you were a Left-Winger. And I say again, what of? Not the Labour Party, you say?

No. The nation.

Ah. But then, you see, you ought not to talk about destroying the right wing. You should recognize that the right wing may be as important and useful as the left: and you should seek to preserve it, in case the left wing fails.

That's trifling.

On the contrary, it's fundamental.

It's the sound old tradition of British party politics, which it's a pity to lose.

If you'd forget British party politics for a moment and take a look at the Continent, perhaps—I won't bet on it—you'd clear your mind a little.

It's lucky you're not betting on it. Because, as a matter of fact, the more I read about foreign affairs, the less I understand all this Leftery—and the less I like it. All over Europe new Governments and parties are taking the stage, standing in the wings, or being flung into the orchestra. Now, in the old days they would have been called Conservative, Liberal, Radical, Socialist, Democratic, Monarchical, Republican, Peasant, Patriot, Revolutionary, Moderate, Military or what-not. Then, at least, one had a vague idea of something that each party stood for. But now they're all called Left or Right—or Leftist—or more-to-the-Left; and I haven't the faintest notion what any of them proposes to do.

I've told you—the Left is always more advanced than the Right, and ought to be supported.

Yes, but even if that was always true—

Of course it is!

All right. Take Russia.

Now, don't start about Russia.

Certainly not. I haven't given Russia a word of advice for months. And look at the result. I voted meekly for Yalta. And what good did that do?

Now, now, come off it!

All right. I was only going to say—Well, the Russian Government is pretty Left, isn't it?

Of course.

But the Trotskyites are even farther to the Left!

Well, yes.

Therefore, more advanced—and should be supported?

Certainly not. Diversionists.

Disintegrating elements? Practically saboteurs?

Yes.

Oh, dear. Well, that only shows you how difficult it is if you won't use sensible descriptive names. You hear that blackbird?

Yes.

Well, suppose you asked me what sort of a bird it was, not having heard a blackbird before?

As a matter of fact, I have.

Well, suppose I said it was a little to the Left of a thrush, but not so far to the Left as a magpie—because that was the order in which these birds were berthed in the Ark—

Don't be silly.

It isn't silly at all. It's an exact

parallel. During the Greek affair I was always being told that Mr. Popolopoulos was more to the Left than M. Skopopolopoulos, but slightly to the Right of M. Nikopoulos. But I never was told a word about their plans or policies. Is M. Nikopoulos, for example, in favour of nationalizing the railways?

Of course!

How do you know?

Because he's Left—extreme Left.

Yes, but Hitler nationalized everything in sight long ago—and he was Right, extreme Right. These expressions tell me nothing.

You won't be told.

Well, tell me just what it is the Trotskyites want?

They want to move farther to the Left.

But I thought that Russia was about as Left as anyone could be.

Not so Left as she was.

Oh, dear. Is that why she's done so well?

Ass!

Sorry. But tell me, now, if you had Lenin and Stalin and Trotsky and Karl Marx in the same Chamber, where would they all sit?

Trotsky would be on the Left, with Karl Marx, then Lenin, with Stalin on his Right.

I see. By the way, you still haven't told me exactly what it is the Trotskyites want to do.

Well, it's hard to explain quickly. They'd like to go back to the pure doctrine—absolute equality, no private property, and so on.

I see. So Stalin is practically a Rightist?

That's going rather far.

I suppose so. By the way, by absolute equality, you don't mean any such rightist fantasy as personal liberty, I suppose?

Oh, no. They'd all agree there. The State supreme.

I see. Now, suppose that Hitler

was in this Chamber, where would he sit? Right at the other end?

Of course.

Of course. I tell you what: to make all things plain you ought to adopt the $V+1$ technique.

What d'you mean?

Well, take some real indubitable Leftist, who wants to nationalize everything—say dear old Karl Marx—and call him Lefto (or L), the Zero of Leftery. Then the Trotskyites would be $L+1$, and people like Stalin would be $L-1$. You, I expect, would be $L-2$ or 3. Anyone who wanted to nationalize a few things only might be $L-5$. Then, when we read about M. Popolopoulos we should just look up the code and see exactly what he stood for. See?

I'm afraid you're not taking this very seriously.

On the contrary. Cosmic nonsense upsets me—always has. A. P. H.

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Trees

(A Thought from North-West Europe)

I THINK that I shall never see
A tree-trunk that is placard-free,

A tree on which does not appear
A notice stating "Field Cashier,"

A tree which does not urge me on
To L. of C. or Echelon,

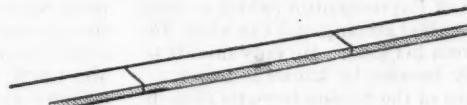
A tree whose sap can wane and wax
Untainted by Town Majors' tacks,

A tree which fails to greet my eyes
With warnings to non-fraternize.

Poems are mocked by fools like me,
But only man can mock a tree.



MAURICE MCLoughlin



At the Play

"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH" (PHÆNIX)

JUST before the Ice Age a *Mr. Antrobus*, inventor of the alphabet—and once, it is hinted, a gardener—lives at 216, Cedar Street, Excelsior, New Jersey. Up in his town office he is inventing the wheel. Back at home, where *Mrs. Antrobus* spars with *Sabina* the maid, a dinosaur and a mammoth wander in, followed by a telegraph-boy. We find that among personages still to arrive are *Homer* and "A Judge" (who turns out to be *Moses*). Suddenly *Sabina* steps from the frame and confides in the audience. "The author," she says in despair, "hasn't made up his silly mind whether we're living in caves or in New Jersey."

Sabina is wrong. The author, Mr. THORNTON WILDER, has certainly made up his mind. His apparently incoherent play is carefully calculated; it is a work of ordered chaos. Having chosen to compress the history of mankind into a brief allegory that begins when the ice is moving and spins through time to end where it began, Mr. WILDER seeks to strengthen his effects by tossing away the theatrical rule-book and jumbling æons together pell-mell. We can take the *Antrobuses* as a stock American family, but the husband is the old Adam himself—merging here with Noah, there with Everyman—and in the son, *Henry Antrobus*, Mr. WILDER frankly raises *Cain*. Cheerfully the characters roam in and out of the picture and the periods. All the time, while the centuries blend and blur, the author drives home the truism that mankind is hanging to civilization merely by the skin of its teeth. He could have made his point just as well within the normal stage limits, but he has preferred what he calls "a history of the world in comic strip." It is cunningly contrived; even the strongest critic of Expressionism (which is what the method amounts to) can allow Mr. WILDER his joke. He only does it to annoy because he knows it teases.

Most of the teasing is gentle enough. Although there are dull passages and

irritating ones, the play often wins the heart. There is nothing profound in it. Let us accept it simply as an imaginative experiment in which Edward Lear, James Bridie, and the author of a mediaeval morality might have assisted. Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER, the director, and his cast now present it as well as it is ever likely to be done.

Frequently Mr. WILDER creates a surprising theatrical effect. There is the sense of apprehension in the first act when the *Antrobuses* and their guests—*Homer*, *Moses*, and the others

numbers, beer, gunpowder, and a few other trifles, seems, like the White Queen, to believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast. It is a commanding study, partnered by the everyday good sense of Miss JOAN YOUNG's motherly *Mrs. Antrobus*. Mr. TERRY MORGAN's *Cain* is one of the perpetual Nazis, and Miss ENA BURRILL a rasping file of a fortuneteller at Atlantic City. The Ayes have it; but while we record a victory for Mr. WILDER's comic (or cosmic) strip we dread a stream of imitations less expert.

J. C. T.

"THE GAY PAVILION"
(PICCADILLY)

The pavilion is Prinny's cot at Brighelmstone, where H.R.H. *George*, Prince of Wales, keeps house with *Maria Fitzherbert*. We are there for the second act only. In the first act *Maria* waits in Park Street for her wedding and endures the reproaches of a dull dog declared by the author to be *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*. In the third act, at St. James's Palace, when the Prince faces an official betrothal to *Caroline of Brunswick*, *Maria* nobly renounces her love. Knowledge that in later years *George* and *Maria* were reunited must inevitably blunt the effect of Mr. WILLIAM LIPSCOMB's scene. Still the play is not intended to be an historical treatise. In the theatre it is a fable by turns pleasant and pompous.

Sheridan is a bore rendered bearable by Mr. FRANK ALLENBY's diction. The young *George* (Mr.

JOHN BYRON) can only be a shadow, but Miss MARY ELLIS has grace abounding as his sweet lass of Richmond Hill. Miss MURIEL AKED's *Queen Charlotte* fusses and pecks inimitably; and, in the middle of the second act, that exciting actor Mr. FREDERICK VALK nearly demolishes the play with the theatrical splendour of his attack as the unbalanced *George the Third*. After he has gone, and the wind that had risen to gale force has fainted to a zephyr, the rest of the evening seems empty, though the renunciation is well ordered and none can overlook Miss GWYNNE WHITBY's loyally uncompromising miniature of the laughing bride from Brunswick.

J. C. T.



FRAGMENT OF COMIC STRIP

Fortune Teller	MISS ENA BURRILL
Sabina	MISS VIVIEN LEIGH
Mr. Antrobus	MR. CECIL PARKER

—are huddling in the dimness and cold. There is the end of the second act when the Ark is about to sail into the auditorium of the Phœnix Theatre from—of all places—the beach at Atlantic City. There is the third-act flare between *Antrobus* and the beaten *Cain*, who symbolizes man's inhumanity to man, and who has still, we feel, to wreak his full anger upon the world. And there is always *Sabina*, the top of Mr. WILDER's performance. Miss VIVIEN LEIGH is the eternal enchantress, with a ripple of mischief unexpected and captivating. Mr. CECIL PARKER, who has a busy evening as that romantic figure the inventor of the wheel, the alphabet,

Music in London

GABRIEL FAURÉ CENTENARY

To listen to Fauré's music is like a walk in an enchanted garden. Inside the gate the air is full of mystery. Evening is falling from the dark plumes of the trees that meet overhead enclosing an archway of scented shadows, and strange sweet flowers glimmer faintly up and down the silent grassy ways. The nymphs were playing here by the fountain but a short while since, and the soft tinkle of the water in the marble basin is the echo of their laughter. The purple shadows close behind the wanderer as he pauses, alone with dreams, on the terrace above the quiet waters of a lake, whose further shore is lost in the scented dusk—for it is always dusk in the garden of Gabriel Fauré.

France had no Schubert, no Brahms or Schumann, but in an age dazzled by Liszt and fascinated by the spell of Wagner there was a young organist at Saint-Sulpice in Paris who had no ears for them, but listened to the voice of his own genius and dreamed his own dreams of song. Fauré's music is all song, whether it is for voices or instruments. He strove ever towards greater serenity and simplicity—the simplicity that, like his apparently effortless grace, is the outcome of subtle invention. His music steals upon the sense like a perfume. When it ends it is as though a vision were fading, or as though a capricious breeze that wafted the sound to the ear had dissipated it again. Often the ending seems to be no ending at all, a mere pause in the dream. But when he writes in an objective style, as in the *Messe Basse* for female voices and the *Requiem*, there is an unexpected and striking difference. There is none of the visionary ecstasy that one might expect, but purity, elegance and a naïf simplicity that reminds one of a fragile porcelain figure of the Virgin, detached and impersonal, in a wayside shrine. His later compositions, such as the String Quartet, are so much more concentrated and intense than the earlier ones that it is sometimes hard to believe that they were written by the same man; but all his compositions, whether of his youth, maturity or old age, have one quality in common—an unending charm. It was a happy fate that decreed that Fauré should find in Verlaine a poet whose outlook and sensibility so perfectly matched his own. For both of them are pure romantics, and for both gaiety has the



"Farewell, hostess, and thank you again for a delightful journey!"

same shadow of melancholy and despair the same sweetness—

*Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.*

The centenary of Fauré's birth has been made in London, Oxford and Cambridge the occasion for performances of a number of his works in all genres, many of which are rarely, if ever, to be heard in this country. In addition to the *Requiem*, the *Messe Basse* and the *Ballade* for piano and orchestra, we have heard many of the

songs and piano works, the First Piano Quartet, the String Quartet and the Second Piano Quintet. The *entente cordiale* of artists included Maggie Teyte and Joan Cross (sopranos), Kathleen Long and Clifford Curzon (pianists), the Griller Quartet and the London Philharmonic Orchestra; and from across the Channel Charles Münch (conductor), the Calvet String Quartet, Yvonne Lefebure and Nicole Henriot (pianists), Bernard Gavoty (organist, accompanist and lecturer) and Gerard Souzay (baritone), whose beautiful voice and exquisite artistry will long be remembered. D. C. B.



"The beef went off at about 12.30, the liver and bacon at—let me see—say 12.40, the fish-cakes at 1.05 . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Alexander Woollcott

THE nearest English equivalent to the late ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT is Mr. James Agate. The American's real life stories and reminiscences of famous people are more rounded than the Englishman's, and are told with greater urbanity and a more careful eye to the effect aimed at. This is an advantage up to a point, but some readers as they are nearing the end of *Long, Long Ago* (CASSELL, 8/6) may weary of Mr. WOOLLCOTT's too obviously premeditated designs on their feelings, and decide in favour of the less painstaking, more spontaneous effects achieved by Mr. Agate. In his obituary notice of Barrie, to give an example of his most elaborate manner, Mr. WOOLLCOTT pictures those who will welcome Barrie on the other side; and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that neither Bobby Burns, nor the great Sir Walter, nor "that other Scott of the Antarctic wastes," nor Robert Louis Stevenson, "eager and charming and cordial," is the person Barrie will most be wanting to see. Peering from behind a pillar and much uplifted at all these great folk gathered to greet her son, Margaret Ogilvy stands waiting—"a proud woman this night." After this one is not surprised to come upon a description of Jane Austen ("England's Jane") as a "frail, diffident little spinster who saw little in this world beyond the hedgerows of her own country-side." Mr. WOOLLCOTT'S

interest in crime produces more satisfactory results than his interest in literature. He retells various murders quite effectively, and gives a full and clear account of the once famous Archer-Shee case, in 1910, when Sir Edward Carson forced the Admiralty to reverse the expulsion of an Osborne cadet, wrongly charged with stealing. His picture of Abdul the Damned's last night as Caliph of Islam, some of which he passed in listening to a hastily prepared translation of the latest Sherlock Holmes story, is none the worse for being borrowed from F. Yeats-Brown. Indeed, his borrowings generally bear out the claim on the jacket. "No one of our time had an eye as quick as WOOLLCOTT's for a story." His eye for other people's humour was also quick, and the best thing in the book is his account of a South Carolina weekly edited by a rural humorist of a type indigenous to the States. Illustrating this type, Mr. WOOLLCOTT reports the following exchange between a motorist from the city and an innocent-looking old yokel. "Good morning, Uncle Bill. Is it going to stop raining?" "Well, it always has."

H. K.

Among the Animals

It is an odd kind of Englishman who can congratulate himself on becoming the manager of some stray capitalist's two thousand five hundred pigs. The vista of controlling this porcine Dachau for the rest of one's life would drive most men crazy. And it is the defect of Mr. D. V. FLETCHER's enthusiastic book on *Good Farm Workmanship* (ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES PRESS, 3/-) that it envisages a natural way of life as a bastard science and a farm-hand as a kindly-treated, well-paid laboratory assistant, with nothing to do—or hope to do—with the control of a farm of his own. Mr. FLETCHER, a successful farmer himself, insists that a farmer, or stockman, must love animals. And though one feels that the demands on his promoted pigman's affections—as outlined above—would have staggered Walt Whitman, one realizes that the normal cowman, shepherd and wagoner, whose routine is so efficiently depicted here, would find a certain play for the emotions of proud proprietorship. The author's practical instructions—given the sort of farm it is—could not be bettered. Every man's daily round—with its seasonal variations and its irruptions of accident or disease—is clearly indicated. One only wonders if there would be so much disease if the whole process were less artificial?

H. P. E.

Far-Eastern Peril

Japan is at war with the United States, it is possible to argue, because of a desire to be more American than the Americans—to flock to more cinemas, to consume more ice-creams, to build more sky-scrappers, to play more baseball. Not for them is that justifiable consciousness of a world-old culture, needing to make no westward acknowledgment, that sustains our Chinese allies, but rather an uneasy sense of inferiority generating a craze for self-assertion, with a corresponding brutality in grasping the means to power. Mr. JOHN GOETTE, an American journalist for long attached to the Japanese army and actually a witness of the first fighting at Marco Polo Bridge in 1937, presents in *Japan Fights for Asia* (MACDONALD, 10/6) a study that has adventure, surprise and anomaly at every turn. He was better treated, for instance, when interned after Pearl Harbour, than many Germans in Japan, the latter being trusted by their Axis partners precisely as they deserved. His book was written in the main before the tide of war had turned, but even when allowance is made for recent developments it contains

grim enough evidence not only of nation-wide enthusiasm for world conquest but also of means to that end, economic and military, vastly more formidable than we usually imagine. For one thing only, more than two million Japanese men, women and children have since 1931 followed their armies into conquered lands and there they are dug in and meaning to stay. In the problems involved in their extraction or absorption Mr. GOETTE thinks that Americans, because, strangely, they have more in common with both Chinese and Japanese than the two oriental races have with one another, may find themselves playing a crucial middle part. If there are urgent problems to be faced in Europe to-day it is clear the Far East is no whit behind in harassment and complexity. C. C. P.

Technique for Convalescence

There is a good deal, one hopes, of convalescence about nowadays. The difficulty is that there are, on the whole, more invalids who need rest and fattening-up than there are ministering angels and food. However, *Getting Better* (FABER, 6/-) is offered by Miss SHEILA PIM to both; and is most happily calculated to hearten the convalescents and lighten (and enlighten) the ministrations of their families. After all, a spell of bed—or even of "taking care of yourself"—usually offers opportunities of doing a hundred things you've always wanted to do and never had time for. And here, from childish games to chess-by-post, from a campaign of reading to an orgy of patchwork, are the things you can go on doing with head or hands according to their relative nimbleness. Here, too, are all the things people can do for you: like keeping that inestimable "framework of meals" promptly and amusingly filled out and giving you little indulgences like the flicker of a fire to sleep by. Women will be beguiled by the "extras for elegance," men by the annals of invalids who have built their careers on a scaffolding of convalescence. For this is not a book for the household hypochondriac. He, or she, is simply ignored. H. P. E.

The Rebuilding of London

Mr. C. B. PURDOM's *How Should We Rebuild London?* (J. M. DENT, 12/6) is a remarkable book. The author's long practical experience of town-planning gives it solidity: he deals with the economic organization of London (shops, markets, industries) and its public services, with its law and education, with its hotels and theatres and cinemas, its transport and communications, its architecture and building, its local government, and, finally, with the lines along which it could be rebuilt. All these details are illumined by the combination in the author of a deep love for London with an equally deep realization of how far short London has fallen of what it ought to be. "Ideally and in its soul," the author writes, "London is a unique city," but, he adds, "the actual picture of London is dulled by such extensive drabness, monotony, ignorance, and wretchedness that one is overcome with distress." Through civic inertia, which placed no check on speculation and financial greed, London, he says, has swollen beyond manageable proportions—"It is called a natural growth, and was, in fact, a most inhuman phenomenon." A sound replanning policy must, he holds, be based on a reduction of London's population. In the overcrowded London of the last hundred years the inhabitants have been able to safeguard their privacy only by ignoring each other. In a less congested London that necessity would disappear, and the citizen could be on friendly terms with his neighbour without being, socially speaking, at his mercy. H. K.

Music in the Ancient World

The earliest beginnings of music reappear in the babble-songs of tiny children; the Near East still uses the instruments mentioned in the Bible and played in classical Greece; and if we would hear the songs of the infancy of the human race, the Pigmy and the Bushman still sing them, or something very like them. These few random facts are culled from the vast mass of erudition in CURT SACHS' world-wide survey of musical archaeology. His fascinating book *The Rise of Music in the Ancient World* (DENT, 25/-) reveals not only what an enormous and endless study the history of music provides, but also something of the price that European music has paid for the high state of development it has attained in its own sphere of harmonic colour and instrumental richness. "Music as a whole," says Mr. SACHS, "is inaccessible unless we free ourselves from the limitations of our own restricted training"; and how very restricted our training is, and how vast the field beyond our ken, is clearly evident as we read of the highly-developed musical systems of China, Japan, India, classical Greece and ancient Egypt—all so utterly unlike our own. Our system of notation with its mathematical time-divisions cannot record the subtle rhythms of the East, nor our musical stave express its infinitely various shades of pitch. Our hearing too has become so much dulled by "equal temperament" (the way we tune the piano) that if the melodies of the ancient Greeks are incomprehensible to us the sound of a piano, with its arbitrary division of the octave into twelve equal semitones, would have made Ptolemy put his fingers in his outraged ears. Yet there seem to be signs that modern European music is on the verge of a new development. Consonance and dissonance no longer mean what they did half a century ago; the rigidity of our key-system and the metrical inflexibility of the bar-line have both been undermined, and in the search for some more fluid medium of expression composers are experimenting with intervals smaller than the piano semitone. The wheel seems to be coming full circle and we are harking back again to melody which has been for so long choked to death by harmony. D. C. B.



Reconstruction in the Office

MR. HEAD spent both his V Days in the garden, and that will have to last him all the summer, he says. No more gardening for him now with the new factory to be completely reorganized, root and branch, and so much plant waiting to be turned over. He and the Works Manager have been going into huddles over export and keeping down the cost of upkeep ever since long before the sit-down tea and dance when the Home Guard were stood down which was the end of their war.

I'd never have said ours was one of those offices all held together with string, but with all this talk about laying new foundations in the air Doris and I thought perhaps we'd better be doing something about repairing the ravages of war, which is Mr. Head's pet phrase whenever he's on that tack, so we began sewing up some of the files that are bulging in all the wrong places like some people I could mention. Doris thinks it's a pity we can't all be reconstructed and rehabilitated ourselves while we're about it, and always has said: look what an awkward shape we are to iron. But I sent the office boy out for some new files out of the petty cash, having had enough make-doing and mending for myself without starting in on the office, which isn't on coupons either.

Next thing we set Willie to clearing out both our stationery cabinets, because it's not like before the war: nowadays there just aren't enough drawers to take all the austerity extras. Willie's made it all look lovely and tidy now with new coloured labels in his best printing, I will say, but somehow we don't seem to have got the hang of it yet. Before, we did know exactly where we were with continuation sheets in the drawer with the tattered label you couldn't read that said *Green Copy Paper* because that had had to move in with the *White* when airgraphs came in. Only now it takes us so long to stop ourselves looking where everything used to be that we've decided it's quicker to billet *New Factory on Midlands* and evacuate *Airgraphs* to my third right-hand desk-drawer down where Doris can just reach across when she wants one.

Meanwhile, the "Outstanding" basket has changed its name to "Pending Reconstruction" because Doris says it's such a nice shorthand outline, not like Rehabilitation, and her typewriter must have thought it was having a

birthday because she cleaned it twice over in three days. I warned her she'd make it stick, and it does, but there's no holding Doris back once she lets an idea run away with her. She even put a new ribbon on as well, only she had to get up in the middle to shut the window because it was raining in on her, and the spool and ribbon flew across the floor just as Jim, my boyfriend in the Drawing-office, walked in and I said, "What's that?" and Jim said it was only Doris dropping the Ministry a line, and Doris said some people were so sharp he'd be cutting himself one of these fine days.

What I'm still looking for is something to deblack the permanently blacked-out bits, not just the windows we stuck paper over. We're leaving these alone for the time being because Doris and I took a corner off the staircase window the other day only to find there was a hole in the glass ever since one of those rockets nobody had ever noticed, so we put it back quick just in case. The worst of windows you can see through is they do show up the dirt and it makes you realize what a spring cleaning there'll have to be everywhere this autumn to get us all ready again for no black-out.

On top of all the reconstructing, Doris has been a bit under the weather, what with the summer cold she caught that wintry spell when we had to go back to stockings after that first heat wave in the spring, so she's going to stay with her aunt in the country who keeps hens. She's got a nice little parcel together to take with her: nothing very grand but just a few things you don't see every day for a treat for her aunt, like custard powder and a pan scourer and a packet of suet and elastic and some salad dressing and a Swiss roll and envelopes and floor polish. She was going to take some golden syrup as well, but daren't risk it when she found they're only doing the pound tins in glass jars now.

It's to be hoped they're getting on quicker with their reconstructing on the Continent than we are here, because we know a girl who went to U.N.R.R.A., and the times that girl said good-bye to us all with her bedding all piled up downstairs waiting, and then her lot were still here weeks after they'd all gone to be filmed going to Europe with everyone waving them

off, and she got so she daren't look anybody in the face till she really did go off last week without a word to one of us.

But as fast as one goes another comes, with all these evacuees crowding back with all their tales to tell. One of Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service's friends got some bee in her bonnet about going about bare-head being bad for her hair in all those gales at the seaside last winter, so she went into a milliner's and asked for something for the wind and they told her to try the chemist's next door.

With all this reorganization, and all the work going on just the same, there isn't a bit of peace anywhere. If it isn't bombs it's visitors, and at least you did have sirens before the bombs. Doris's girl-friend says it's just the same in their department: high-ups always dropping in on them without a word of warning, and it comes a bit awkward sometimes. Like the other day she'd just collected her old suit from the cleaners and suddenly thought why should she be sitting there jumping up all the time and simply ruining her best skirt, so she opened the parcel and slipped into a big cupboard they've got that holds everything, kettle and all, being one of those offices where the cloakroom's down in the basement and you up on the fourth floor.

And she'd just got her skirt off when she heard voices and someone pushed the door to, and there she was all shut up in the dark like the mistletoe bough for ages, and everybody panting for their tea till now they all call her Jane, the pin-up girl.

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Mustering of Stores

ONE of the bugbears of an L.C.T. Commanding Officer's otherwise almost carefree life is an occasional interest shown by the shore authorities in Permanent Stores. Naval stores are divided into two categories—Consumable Stores and Permanent Stores. And, by the inscrutable workings of Fate, it is the Permanent Stores that seem to be most Consumable.

In a Tank Landing Craft one is supposed to muster all Permanent Stores very frequently indeed. The C.O. usually meets this responsibility by making a periodical signal to his

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Flotilla Officer, "All stores mustered this day and found correct." If he be of a conscientious turn of mind he will, before making this signal, say to his First Lieutenant, "I suppose the stores are all O.K., Number One?" If the First Lieutenant be of a conscientious turn of mind he will say to the Coxswain, "I say, Cox'n, we're reporting the stores mustered and correct—all right?" If the Coxswain be of a—but why wander into the realms of fantasy?

However, this method, satisfactory though it is to the C.O., does not continue indefinitely. Sooner or later the Shore Authorities take matters into their own hands. You get a signal to the effect that a Supply Rating will be on board at such-and-such a time to assist at a muster of stores.

Myself, I do not believe that the services of the Supply Rating—usually a Petty Officer—are vouchsafed in any spirit of real helpfulness. My own idea is that there is a spice of suspicion behind it. Anyhow, he comes on board.

"Come to muster the stores, sir," he says.

"Oh, good!" I say with false pleasure. "Er—Number One, just hand me the Stores Inventory, will you?"

The Supply P.O. is dispatched below for a cup of tea while Number

One and I turn the cabin upside down and succeed in running the Inventory to earth. The items are scrawled in pencil, and are not always legible. Number One and I once spent a good half-hour poring over an entry that looked like Rice-puddings, Denomination—Number, Quantity—Two, before we decided that we probably had them anyway. (It transpired, per an enlightened Supply Assistant, that we were vouching for the presence of two Compasses, Pocket.)

I send for the P.O., and tell him I am now ready for the muster. He takes the Inventory, and we begin to tour the craft.

"Kisbee lifebuoys," he mutters. "You've still got four on charge in the Inventory—two written off. Where are they all, sir?"

I succeed in finding two and a half for him.

"The rest lost overboard," I explain.

"Lost overboard? How did you come to lose half a lifebuoy overboard?"

"How did we, Number One?" I say basely.

"Tied to a line, sir. Half stayed on the line, and the other half broke off." (Excellent fellow, Number One!)

"You didn't report the losses?"

"Oh, dear me, yes!" I assure him. "Didn't you ever get my report? No? Must have got lost in the mail."

"Boat-hooks, three," says the P.O., apparently accepting the Kisbees, and passing on. "Don't seem to be any here."

"Lost picking up the buoys in rough weather. Didn't you get my report?"

He obligingly ticks off the boat-hooks, and I sigh with relief. I am not aware of the current market price of boat-hooks, but I am aware that deficiencies in Permanent Stores not accounted for satisfactorily are charged against the Commanding Officer. I have often wished that a price-list could be issued for our guidance. I am also aware that what the authorities term "articles of special attractiveness" (such as weather-glasses, binoculars, clocks, watches, and so on) are charged at an equally special high rate, in order to discourage loss overboard. Still, I doubt if a boat-hook ranks as an article of special attractiveness.

The next item is one that has puzzled Number One and myself for a long while. The Inventory terms the item "Lanterns, N.U.C." and I am reputed to have two of them. I have a considerable number of lanterns on board, but none of us has ever known what particular kind of a lantern an N.U.C. might be, and none of us has cared to expose ignorance by pooling lack of knowledge.

It now proves that, contrary to my



fears, I have both on board, and that they are the two red lanterns hung vertically from the yardarm when the ship is not functioning with uniform efficiency, N.U.C. standing, in fact, for "Not Under Command." The P.O. explains this to me, and I withdraw my statement that both N.U.C. lanterns have been lost overboard in heavy weather.

There is no difficulty at all in establishing the presence of the standard-compass, the steering-compass, and similar fixtures both solid and noticeable. However, the collection of shackles, vaguely known on board as "ironmongery," is less than complete; Number One, taking a hasty census, remembers that two were lost overboard during unusually rough weather. I express my surprise that my written report failed to reach the base.

As we continue our tour of the ship it becomes increasingly evident that we have been meeting with an astonishing amount of rough weather. The P.O. drily remarks that we certainly seem to have a knack of running into it; he detachedly inquires if I make a practice of logging my losses.

As a matter of fact, I do. But not, perhaps, quite at the time. When we really have been out in something that might fairly be described as heavy weather—and which we ourselves record enthusiastically as "Full gale blowing; seas mountainous," I always leave a space in the entry for that date, so that I can enter subsequent stores deficiencies. I do not go deeply into this with the P.O. now. I just tell him, Yes, I do log losses.

There is a slight set-back over the matter of fire-buckets. I started with six, and three have already been written off at previous musters. I mention that two were lost over the side in rough weather. But the crew—well, a fire-bucket is a handy thing to do one's dhobi-ing in, and everybody likes to have a dhobi-pail of his own. I am startled to find a collection of no fewer than nine fire-buckets. I do not attempt to explain it now. I simply mention the fact.

"H'm!" observes the P.O. "Looks as if this rough weather of yours, sir, has been washing things in over the side, for a change."

When towards the end of the muster we get down on to the mess-deck and

look into the matter of mess-traps, the rough weather has of course been simply terrific. The mess-deck must get rougher weather than any other part of the ship. Almost all our cups, saucers, plates and cutlery have been lost over the side, smashed outright, or else transformed into strange utensils bearing mysterious lettered symbols such as "R.A.F.," "N.A.A.F.I.," and "L.M.S."

I often wonder what would happen at these stores-musters if our stock of duty-free cigarettes had also been a victim of rough weather. Oddly enough, this, although strictly speaking outside the Supply P.O.'s department, seems to be the only part of the muster he finds entirely satisfactory. . . .

Checking Out

(From our Special Correspondent)

SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY. This is positively my last dispatch. The Conference is not yet over, but the delegates are fidgeting ominously—rooting under their permanent and non-permanent seats for hats, gloves and draft constitutions, using up their votes, and paying off their interpreters. Just now anyone

offering a compromise has his hand snapped off immediately. Some delegates—those who live furthest away—have already departed, leaving behind only suicide squads to join in the general exodus.

It is clear that the Conference has been a qualified success. The United Nations are still united and most of them are still nations. A slight misunderstanding has made everybody happy this afternoon. The local press seized on a line uttered by M. Svendalo, a Scandinavian delegate—"It is becoming clear that we must soon turn our backs on a man-made Utopia"—and gave it remarkable prominence with a banner headline:

S. F. UTOPIA SAYS DELEGATE.

There is some talk to-night of making M. Svendalo honorary member of the "24 Club."

San Francisco itself has not been very seriously damaged. The centre of the town has suffered badly, but you can travel for miles in the suburbs and backwards and forwards across the mighty suspension bridges without seeing any sign of real destruction. The public services are still functioning though gas and electricity are turned off occasionally in most houses to prevent overheating. Food is scarce.

San Francisco is pleasantly situated on the western shore of San Francisco Bay, California. It has a university, a population of 634,000, and an excellent harbour. Notice the two main railway lines which connect San Francisco with the eastern states.*

To sum up, I should say that the Middle Powers have shown up best. They were alert, they backed each other up, and they did not appeal unnecessarily. I should put the Small Powers next, chiefly because their deportment was so good. They were wonderfully accurate with their returns positioned themselves intelligently and always kept an eye on the clock. The Great Powers were just a little disappointing. Perhaps they were out of practice. But they have all the strokes and with a little more experience should settle down into a useful team.

My sympathies are with Francis, the groundsman. The Hon.

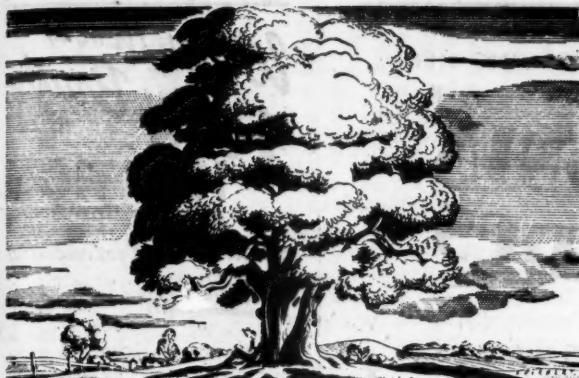
* Note to Editor: Just received your cable. Will try to appear factual as suggested.



"Yes, yes, of course—I see now that I've been holding the wrong political views all these years."

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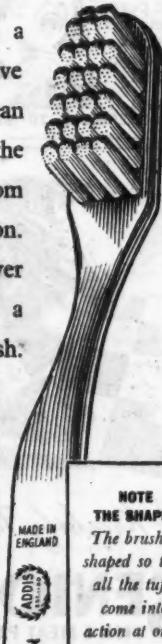
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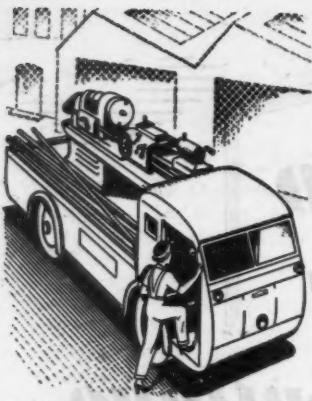
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